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A Terrible Disclosure: OR, What Fools Men Are!

CHAPTER X

There were a few moments of chatting between Clifford and Edgar, then Clifford Reval looked at his watch.

"I must be going," he said. "I am sorry to go. I don't know when I have felt happier than I have done this morning! But our happiest moments are but brief. Good-by, Lady Fane."

And he held out his hand. Lela put hers into it, and tried to feel that she liked him—she was sorry that he was going, but the feeling would not come.

"Good-by," she said, softly.

Lord Edgar grasped his cousin's hand warmly, and putting his other hand on his shoulder, accompanied him out of the room.

"Good-by, old fellow," he said, "and a thousand thanks. If helping to make others happy makes happiness for one's self, you ought to be in a jolly mood this morning." Then he added, in a lower voice: "We shall start in half an hour. I have determined to go to that pretty place up the river. Pangley will be able to run up to town if we want to. You must come down and see us. Clifford, was I not right? Is she not beautiful and sweet, and all that is good and gracious?"

"She is, she is!" assented Clifford Reval, earnestly; "and you were right in every way."

"Is she not fit to be the future Countess of Parintosh, Clifford?" demanded Lord Edgar, with honest pride and love shining in his eyes.

"She is quite fit," again assented Clifford Reval; "and when the time comes she will make an admirable mistress of Faneworth—when the time comes!"

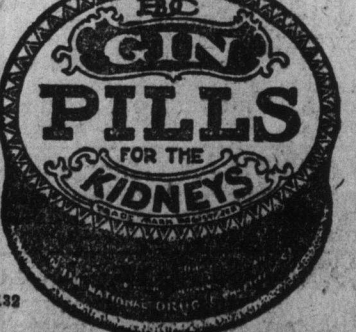
"Neither she nor I wish for that time," said Lord Edgar, gravely.

"Of course not," said Clifford Reval. "Good-by, my dear boy. Go and be happy, and don't quite forget me."

Lord Edgar hastened back to Lela. She was standing by the mantelpiece, looking at the pictures and the bric-a-brac, the carved ivory statuettes, the bronzes, the silver chair case, and other bachelor knickknacks; every one of them had a value in her eyes, for had he not touched them and had them before his eyes? She had the cigar case in her hand—it was almost to her lips—when he came behind her.

"What are you thinking of, my darling?" he whispered.

"That these are pretty rooms," she said. "And you said they were so dull and dreary, stri!"



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If you suffer from Backache, Rheumatism, Brick Dust Deposits, Urinary and Bladder Troubles, or Swollen Joints, write for free sample of Gin Pills to The National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

"So they were, but now now," he whispered. "But talking of pretty things, come here, Lela."

And he led her to a cabinet, and took out the boxes containing his purchases of the preceding day.

"There!" he said, spreading out the costly results of his morning's work. "If there is anything you don't like, say so, dearest, and we'll get them to exchange them."

Lela stood amazed and delighted, the ready crimson flaming in her cheeks.

"For me! Are all these really for me?" she said, with a little pant, her fingers playing, woman-like, over the satin-lined cases in which the gems lay glittering.

He laughed, as he watched her face, with a lover's delight.

"Yes—why, they are only a few trifles, dearest! You shall choose some things for yourself; you will do it better than I have done!"

"No, never!" she exclaimed. "Nothing could be more beautiful than these."

"Let us see how they look; if anything will make them look beautiful, your sweet face and form will, my darling!" and he clasped the gems around her neck and wrist, and as she stood blushing shyly, he caught her in his arms and kissed her proudly.

She had just time to break from him when Lovel knocked at the door and announced the brougham.

"Go and get your things on, my darling. We have a little shopping to do before we start on our travels."

She went at once. She had placed herself in his hands and was all obedience; and with Lovel to open the door for them and send them off with ceremonious gravity, they started shopping.

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"Why, this is a linen draper's," said Lela, as they stopped at Swan & Edgar's.

Lord Edgar laughed delightedly.

"Why you didn't imagine that I wanted to go shopping on my own account!" he said. "Do you think I have forgotten the smallness of your luggage, and that you must want something? This is part of my day's pleasure, dearest!"

She said not a word, but her eyes grew moist at the first evidence of his care and forethought.

It had had his will, Lord Edgar would have purchased sufficient lady's wearing apparel to stock a small shop; but Lela summoned up sufficient courage to check him, and at last, with great obstinacy, refused to try on or even look at another article.

As it was he had succeeded in purchasing a magnificent outfit, the cost of which neither he nor she guessed at.

"Where shall we send them, madam?" asked the man.

Lela looked at Lord Edgar, and unthinkingly he gave his own name and address.

The man glanced, not disrespectfully, but curiously at Lela, but bowed and took down the directions, and with the profoundest respect, he and the shopwalker accompanied them to the door and bowed them out.

"A nice little order that!" remarked the man who had served them, to his superior. "Her ladyship! Is well set up for a time, at least, and she smiled as he pronounced the title, and the shopwalker smiled too. Both of them had noticed that Lord Edgar had not asked the boxes to be addressed to "Lady Fane," and drew their own conclusions.

As they drove to Paddington, Lord Edgar explained where they were to go to spend their honeymoon.

"It is the loveliest little place on those little villages in Italy, with the advantage that we shall not have to cross the Channel, and that we can get up to town in an hour and a half. I hope you will like it, darling!"

"I shall like it or any other place to which you are taking me," she murmured.

"If I were to try and describe the journey down I should utterly fail to convey an idea of its happiness. There was an old gentleman in the carriage who watched them covertly, and guessed their situation at a glance, and who said when he got home that he had never seen two faces so full of quiet joy in all his life, and he but spoke the truth.

Suffice it that they reached Pangley, and found the hostess of the ivy-covered inn—it is called "The Moor-hen"—anxiously awaiting them with a welcome, and that Lela confessed that Pangley was as beautiful as Lord

far, far better than any place in Italy could possibly be.

There is no more beautiful part of the silver Thames than Pangley; two lovers just made one could not find in all the world a more fitting spot for a honeymoon, and the days that followed immediately after her strange wedding were as a period of vaporous delight to Lela.

Lord Edgar's love seemed to grow with the hours; he appeared to read her every wish and desire in her eyes, and all his thoughts were how to gratify them. He hired a boat, and had his dogcart and the chestnut sent down from town, and they spent some part of the day rowing on the river—floating down the back waters, and lying coolly under the shadow of the trees that lined the banks, and some part in driving about the beautiful Buckinghamshire country.

All Lela's old beauty came back to her—the bright light in her lovely eyes, the shell-like tint to her face; her voice, which had grown somewhat sad, rang with the same girlish music, and her laugh—the laugh that had so touched his heart when he had first heard it at the Abbey—rang out on the surface of the water, and in the green, leafy lanes.

One thing alone might have wrecked her happiness, but she was spared that. On the second morning of their honeymoon a letter came from the professor, having been forwarded from the Albany.

It was a touching letter, in which he forgave and blessed her tenderly, and in which he implored Lord Edgar to cherish her. He would not come to them, as they had asked him to do, he said, but he would wait until they returned to him! One thing in the letter struck a sorrowful chord—it was a line in which he said that he had determined to accept the German librarianship; but Lord Edgar consoled Lela.

"All right," he said, "we'll see about that! I think I can persuade him to give that idea up. Don't fret about it, darling! We shall see!"

And encouraged by his assurance, Lela rested satisfied with imploring the professor in her letter not to leave her and England. It was a beautiful letter, full of her own sweet love and gratitude, but the professor did not receive it until he had reached Germany.

Yes, they were very happy; their life was a poem set to love's music, and it is a pity that such poems cannot be extended to many volumes.

Lord Edgar expressed the regret as he lay on his back at the bottom of the boat, with his head on Lela's lap, and her hand stroking his short, wavy hair.

"Why shouldn't we buy a little place down here," he said, "and live here all the summer? You would like it, darling!"

Lela smiled; there was no occasion to reply.

"If life could be all Pangley!" he said again. But he knew it could not be. He was Lord Fane of Parintosh; he would be the Marquis of Parintosh; and there would be duties to perform which must not be neglected.

"Never mind," he said, as she still remained silent, "we will enjoy ourselves while we can; the world forgetting, by the world forgot. Now, you lazy girl, are you going to sit there all day? Why don't you get up and row?" and he looked up at her with a smile and with the light of ardent love in his eyes.

She got up, and scarcely disturbing him, seated herself with the sculls; he had taught her to row, and his great delight was to sit and watch her as she pulled the light boat down stream, her figure, clad in its well-

Black as Dirt About the Eyes.

Liver Was All Upset and There Was Pain Under the Shoulder-Blade—Two Interesting Letters.

So many people suffer from derangements of the liver that we feel sure these two reports, just recently received, will prove interesting reading and valuable information to many readers of this paper.

Mrs. F. L. Harris, Keasley, P. O., Sask., writes: "I was suffering from liver trouble—had a heavy pain under one shoulder blade all the time, and was nearly as black as dirt around the eyes. I concluded to try some of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I did so, and before I had taken one box the pain had left me and I commenced to gain in flesh, and by the time I had taken two boxes I was completely cured and felt like a new person. My trouble was caused by heavy work out-of-doors, and, of course, heavy eating and constipation. I would advise all suffering from kidney or liver trouble to give Dr. Chase's Pills a trial."

Mrs. Charles Terry, Tweed, Ont., writes: "Before I was married I was troubled with enlargement of the liver. My liver became so enlarged that you could feel the swellings on either side, and it was only with difficulty that I could get my clothes on. A friend advised me to get Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and take them. I commenced this treatment, and used nine boxes, which cured me at that time. Then, about two or three years afterward I was troubled again with the swelling, but only on my right side. I secured some more Kidney-Liver Pills, and took them, which finally cured me. I have not been troubled in this way since. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to anyone having kidney or liver trouble."

"We have also found Dr. Chase's Lined and Turpentine excellent for coughs and colds. In fact, any of Dr. Chase's medicines which we have used have been good."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c a box, 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or Edmanston Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

fitting dress of white fannel, taking a thousand graceful outlines as she bent to her task.

"I wonder," he said, lazily, "what has become of Clifford? I haven't heard a line from him since—since we were married!"

Lela started and stopped rowing. During all these days she had scarcely given a thought to any one but her husband-lover, to anything but her perfect happiness.

"Does he write often?" she asked.

Lord Edgar shrugged his shoulders.

"Not very, but he might have written. Shall we ask him to come down, Lela?"

"If you like—yes," she added, quickly, seeing a look that was scarcely disappointment but surprise at the coldness of her assent.

"You say 'yes!'" he said, lighting his pipe, and leaning on his elbow to look at her, "but your eyes say 'no,' and your eyes are very eloquent, Lela," he added, laughing. "What do you mean?"

(To be Continued.)

Household Notes.

A pinch of salt in the whites of eggs will make them beat stiff more quickly.

To keep rut apples from turning brown place in salt water for a few minutes.

Oil of cinnamon if put on a wart three times a day will remove it without soreness.

Cracker puddings can be made just like bread puddings and are deliciously light.

A case of ready-to-use soups is a great help to a housekeeper in case of emergency.

If the feet burn, bathe them daily in water in which there is little bicarbonate of soda.

Fresh fish cutlets, breaded and baked, may be made of almost any variety of fish.

Never eat heartily when tired or excited—it is far better to eat very little and slowly.

A few drops of camphor on the toothbrush is refreshing and it will harden the gums.

The Japanese sauce made from the black soy bean is excellent for flavoring gravies.

The milk bottles should be taken from the doorstep the moment the milk man leaves them.

Choose Ceylon tea for people who like cream in it and orange pecko for those who like lemon.

Paper napkins and paper dishes will lighten the work for the housekeeper in hot weather.

Children's seersucker play cloths which keep so long are a great help to a busy housekeeper.

Apples baked individually should be cored and the spaces filled with chopped raisins or dates.

Tripe cooked sufficiently tender is an excellent meat. Broil it, spread with butter and chopped parsley.

Fish and meat can be combined with cereals or vegetables for making meat-cakes, meat or fish pies, and so on.

Oatmeal macaroons can be made with sponge cake batter, thickened with rolled oats and dropped on baking tins.

Great care should be taken not to let the bread sponge set too long or it will be the least bit sour and the bread will be unwholesome.

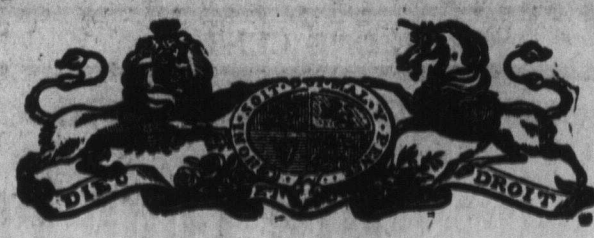
You wonder why



H.P. sauce
is so delicious.

If you could see the choice oriental fruits and spices being blended with Pure Malt Vinegar to make H.P., you would know.

Just a few drops of H.P.—it makes the meal so enjoyable.



Public Notice

I am directed by His Excellency the Governor in Council to issue the following notice under Authority of Minute in Council passed 28th February, 1918.

Augmentation of the Pay of Royal Naval Reservists Newfoundland.

The Government of Newfoundland have decided to augment the pay of Newfoundland Royal Naval Reservists so as to place them on the same footing as men of the Newfoundland Regiment.

Under the provision of the War Measure Act, authority is given to the Minister of Militia to deal with the matter of augmentation of pay of the Royal Naval Reservists, Nfld., in consultation with the Senior Naval Officer, St. John's.

It is ordered that a sum of 33c. per day be placed to the credit of each Naval Reservist from the time of commencement of the war, in cases where men were then serving, or otherwise, from the time when their services began up to the time of discharge, or of death, or to the 30th of September, 1917, inclusive.

As the rate of pay of Naval Reservists was increased from October 1st, 1917, and as the difference between the amount they receive and that allowed the members of The Royal Newfoundland Regiment is 17c. per day, this difference will also be credited them from that date.

The foregoing amounts will not in any case be made a payment from Admiralty sources. The Minister of Militia, St. John's, Nfld., is solely responsible for the issue of any sums due.

Newfoundland Royal Naval Reserve men serving in any of H. M. Ships, including all members of the Trawler Reserve and those in Defensively Armed Merchant Ships etc., are eligible for the pay as set forth, and should be informed of the following alternatives as regards the method of payment:—

(a) Payment will be made on personal application to the Minister of Militia, St. John's.

(b) Payment will be made to the nominee of any Reserve man, on written application duly witnessed, to the Minister of Militia, St. John's.

(c) Sums due will be placed to the credit of Reserve men who do not desire to avail themselves of the foregoing and can be drawn by them at the expiration of their service.

The following form is to be compiled and forwarded direct to the Minister of Militia, St. John's, Newfoundland, at the earliest possible date:—

NAME AND OFFICIAL NO.	WHAT IS DESIRED DISPOSAL OF AMOUNT DUE UNDER ORDER 2, 3, OR 4. (IN CASE OF 2, FULL NAME AND ADDRESS MUST BE GIVEN.)	SIGNATURE AUTHORIZING DISPOSAL

All communications of any description with regard to these payments are to be made to the Minister of Militia, St. John's, direct.

Payment will commence on 1st May, 1918.

In cases where members of the Royal Naval Reserve (Newfoundland) have been killed in action or died of wounds or sickness, or through any other cause, the amount due as Augmentation Pay will go to the Estate of the deceased. The authority to obtain the Estate of the deceased is, in case of a Will, Letters of Probate; and in case there is not a Will, Letters of Administration. Such letters are issued by the Supreme Court of Newfoundland on the Petition and Proofs of Executor of the Will, or the next of kin. If the Estate does not exceed \$500.00, after the proof of the facts has been obtained the petition can be applied for by the Minister of Justice.

With reference to the foregoing, it is suggested that the next of kin of Reservists who are now serving should communicate with them and request them to send their instructions to the Militia Department. No action can be taken until such instructions are received.

J. R. BENNETT,
Minister of Militia.

British Gun the

106 German Australians No Peace

CHECKING HUN ATTACKS.
LONDON, May 6. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—Correspondents in France state that the British gun fire in Flanders during the past three days has completely prevented any enemy movement. The enemy had undoubtedly prepared to attack the Allied positions on Saturday, but the British gunners smothered the attack before it could be launched. This increased the disorganization in the enemy's rear. The French prevented the attack on their front by attacking first. Experts emphasize the difficulty of the enemy finding the target which is to take the Allies by surprise. Certain points of importance are carefully watched, and if other points are attacked, the Allied reserves reach the battle as quickly as the Germans. The experts are confident that Mount Kemmel can be recovered if the enemy fails to advance his line in this region.

BRITISH AIRMEN'S WORK.
LONDON, May 6. (Official.)—Wounded British airmen back from France report that the squadron operating in an important sector on the Amiens front has probably established a record by bringing down 106 enemy machines in six weeks, including 21 in one day. The only member of the squadron known to have been wounded up to the time this man returned to London, said it was hard work getting the German airmen to fight. Practically the only times they would come out, he said, were about nine o'clock when the glare of the sun would be in our faces, and in the evening. Even then they would slip away if they had half a chance. The supreme confidence of our fellows is half the battle. During the German offensive they have been doing four shows a day, returning only for ammunition and an occasional meal and possibly a game of cards. If the morning's work was particularly good and the afternoon threatened to be heavy, nearly all the machines were brought down were two-seaters. In fact few of the German airmen will fly anything else. The pilots like a man with a grin behind them. The airmen said the German infantry was bombed and machine-gunned by the aviators four times a day regularly, and that when the enemy came forward in masses they were an easy prey for the air forces.

THE GERMAN TANKS.
BRITISH HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE, May 6. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—The German tanks more resemble the French heavy pattern than ours. They weigh 40 tons, over twelve and the highest speed attainable is five miles an hour, but only for a short time, as the motors become overheated. Their protective qualities are poor despite their weight. The armor varies between 16 and 28 millimetres, and armoured-piercing rifle ammunition will perforate the hull anywhere. They are 23 feet long, and the little conning tower in which the driver sits is hinged, being so high that when the tank is submerged for transport it won't clear bridges. Construction facilities are very poor, as the ground is invisible from the interior for some distance around. The turret consists of one 57 millimetre gun and six heavy machine guns mounted on each side and ascends, but the gun ports are vulnerable. The crew consists of one officer and 15 other ranks, so that they are packed in like sardines. The Germans seem to be repeating all our initial mistakes with a few of their own ad-

NO PEACE OFFERS YET.
LONDON, May 6. Foreign Secretary Balfour told the House of Commons today that no peace offers had been made recently by the enemy. He added: "There is no representative of a neutral nation in this country who has made tentative or informal suggestions of peace negotiations."

AUSTRALIANS' WORK.
LONDON, May 6. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—The main activity on the British front in the last 24 hours has been centred on the Australians. Following Saturday's success, when they advanced their line between the Ancre and the Somme to the depth of seven hundred yards, they launched a successful operation last night south and west of Albert. Advancing towards Maricourt on a front of about a mile and a quarter, they drove back the enemy on the whole line for an average distance of 500 yards. The Germans fought stubbornly and suf-